

### When the Mayflower Sailed.

ON September 6, 1620, the Mayflower sailed from Southampton carrying the colonists who sought a new world where they might be free to worship in their own manner. After a stormy voyage the little vessel of eighty tons anchored in Plymouth Bay, and the adventurers started the settlement of what is now Massachusetts.

## The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ABSORBING MYSTERY.

**Carlslake Lays Plans to Secure the Setting for the Violet Diamond from Pearl.**

### Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish.....PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carlslake.....Warner Oland  
The High Priestess.....Ruby Hoffman  
Nicholas Knox.....Earle Foxe  
Tom Carleton.....Henry Gsell

#### SYNOPSIS

Pearl Standish, richest girl in America, undertakes to help Nicholas Knox find the Violet Diamond of Daroon, bought by her father from a faithless Arab priest. Knox is under pain of death if he does not recover it. Pearl is also threatened by the devotees of the Violet God of Daroon. She has many thrilling escapes, and meets Tom Carleton, a reporter, who aids her in her search. Richard Carlslake, once the private secretary of Pearl's father, has the diamond, and forces the setting from Knox. Pearl finally pays a big price for the ring and takes it to the High Priestess to save Tom's life. It is stolen by an Arab and recovered by Carlslake. Pearl sees one of Carlslake's followers take it from his unconscious chief and demands its return.

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

#### Episode 9.

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CARLSLAKES still had the diamond. She still had the setting. And the Arabs were desperately eager to recover both objects, eager enough to stop at nothing in the attainment of their designs.

The only bright spot in the whole series of adventure was her interest in Tom Carleton and his very evident interest in her. She knew that it was not only his reportorial nose for news that sent him prying into whatever adventure involved her. With woman's intuition, she sensed his growing regard for her—his increasing susceptibility to her influence. And she smiled contentedly enough as she thought about that.

#### Tom Comes to Call.

A night's rest restored her after her varied adventures, and when she had bathed and dressed and re-seen to the drawing room her eyes lighted with satisfaction as she found Tom Carleton there patiently waiting for her. He had come over an hour before and had remained pacing the floor, determined to see her, but equally determined not to disturb her.

"Well," he said, approvingly, as she advanced and put both her hands in his, "you don't look any the worse for the nightmares you lived through last night. I must admit that."

"I never felt better in my life, Thomas," she replied, with an adorable air of composure. "It isn't excitement and danger that destroys one; it is sitting still and doing nothing. I've grown years younger since this diamond business began."

"Well, I've grown years older since I was first involved," Tom assured her emphatically.

"Poor Thomas! Was he afraid of being killed?" asked Pearl sympathetically.

"Not at all. I'm not at all worried about myself. It's your welfare that concerns me," he answered. "This morning I discovered two gray hairs at my left temple."

"Dear me," murmured Pearl, dimpling.

"Both due to worrying over you last night when we got out of that beastly house in the country and found no trace of you—and when the chauffeur said you were blinded and that Carlslake had got hold of you—and when I found you senseless—behind that table."

#### The Key to a Secret.

Pearl's blue eyes widened as they rested upon him.

"You are a good friend to me, Tom Carleton," she said, reaching out her hand to him again, "and I do appreciate you. Good friends are rare."

"He colored as he took her hand, pressed it hurriedly and released it."

"I wish you'd take the first available steamer for Spain and get out of this whole mess for good and all," he cried wistfully. "Please do. I'll see the High Priestess and give her back the setting and say that Carlslake has the diamond. I'll ask her kindly to turn her attention to him."

"No, Tom," replied Pearl, shaking her head. "The violet diamond is the key to a dangerous secret. That secret it is my business to find and destroy. You know how lawless these Arabs are now. Think what a menace they would be, possessed of the power of death which they are seeking."

Tom nodded.

"I know, but why should you risk your life to thwart them?"

"What better use could I make of my life?" she asked, simply.

He looked at her wistfully.

"What other interest do you mean?" she asked.

He stared at her—and turned slowly away.

"Nothing—never mind," he said, and moved to the window and there stood staring out.

A Strange Picture.

Pearl gazed after him, thoughtfully, and a little tenderly, but he did not observe this. Abstractedly, he drew out his watch and opening the back of it, he gazed down into the case, sadly. This action was not lost on Pearl. She rose and crossed the room on tip toe. She looked over his shoulder, expecting to see some pictured likeness of herself—some reproduction cut from the pages of a newspaper or illustrated magazine.

But the face that gazed up at her from the back of his watch was strange to her—the face of a very beautiful young girl whom she did not know.

Her expression altered. With difficulty she forced back an exclamation of astonishment and—pain!

Had he a fiancée to whom he was bound—or a wife? Was there some other girl to whom he owed allegiance? Was this the reason for his hurried stalling of the things that had been almost on his lips?

As softly as she had drawn near to him, she retreated. There was a dull ache at her heart—a new sort of pain that she had never felt before. Heart-breaking had been her especial business heretofore. She had reserved the privilege of inspiring unrequited passions. To suffer the same experience at the hands of somebody else was a thing she had never contemplated. And she did not like it.

She sank into a big chair with her back toward him, a faint from in her eyes.

"Well," said Tom suddenly, turning from the window and coming toward her. "I hoped I could influence you, but if I can't, I suppose I can do nothing but stand by and hope for the best. I'm all against this violet-diamond business, but you know where to find me if you want me. And you know you can count on me at any time, for anything!"

#### Tom Makes an Offer.

"You are very good," said Pearl.

"Thank you."

He handed that note of friendliness had gone out of her voice, that something about her had altered. But he said nothing more—merely nodded and left her.

And Pearl, gazing wistfully at his tall, dark, broad chest and his blue eyes, blew him a kiss. But he did not once look back, as he never knew.

On West Fort's fifth street, over near the river, stood an old-fashioned house that was used by Carlslake and the members of his gang as a rendezvous and refuge. It was not yet known to the police, so was the safest place that Carlslake could go in times of trouble. Accordingly, he and Dopey D had headed directly for it upon escaping from Carleton's upturn.

They, too, spent the rest of the night and most of the next morning in sleep, and arose about the time that Pearl was meeting Tom Carleton upstairs.

Only three other members of the gang were in the meeting room when Carlslake and Dopey D entered. They were playing cards at the farthest, drew a long breath and Black Tony, but they paid no heed to the newcomers save to nod casual greetings. In Carlslake's world no one paid any attention to any one else's business.

#### A Conference.

Carlslake and Dopey D seated themselves as far from the others as they could get and began to confer in whispers.

"The chances are," began Carlslake meditatively, "that they took her straight home last night and that she'll stay in bed most of today, unless we can entice her out. And as she's got the setting that I want, that's what we've got to try to do."

"Give her a flash of the diamond and she'll come out fast enough," granted Dopey D.

"Exactly," agreed Carlslake. "That is what I've planned to do. And this is the way I mean to do it. I want you to go to that phone and call her up."

"Call her up?" gasped Dopey D.

"Yes, what are you giving us?"

"Tell her," went on Carlslake quietly, "that you've double-crossed me—that you've got away with the diamond—and that it's for sale."

Dopey D stared at his chief with bulging eyes.

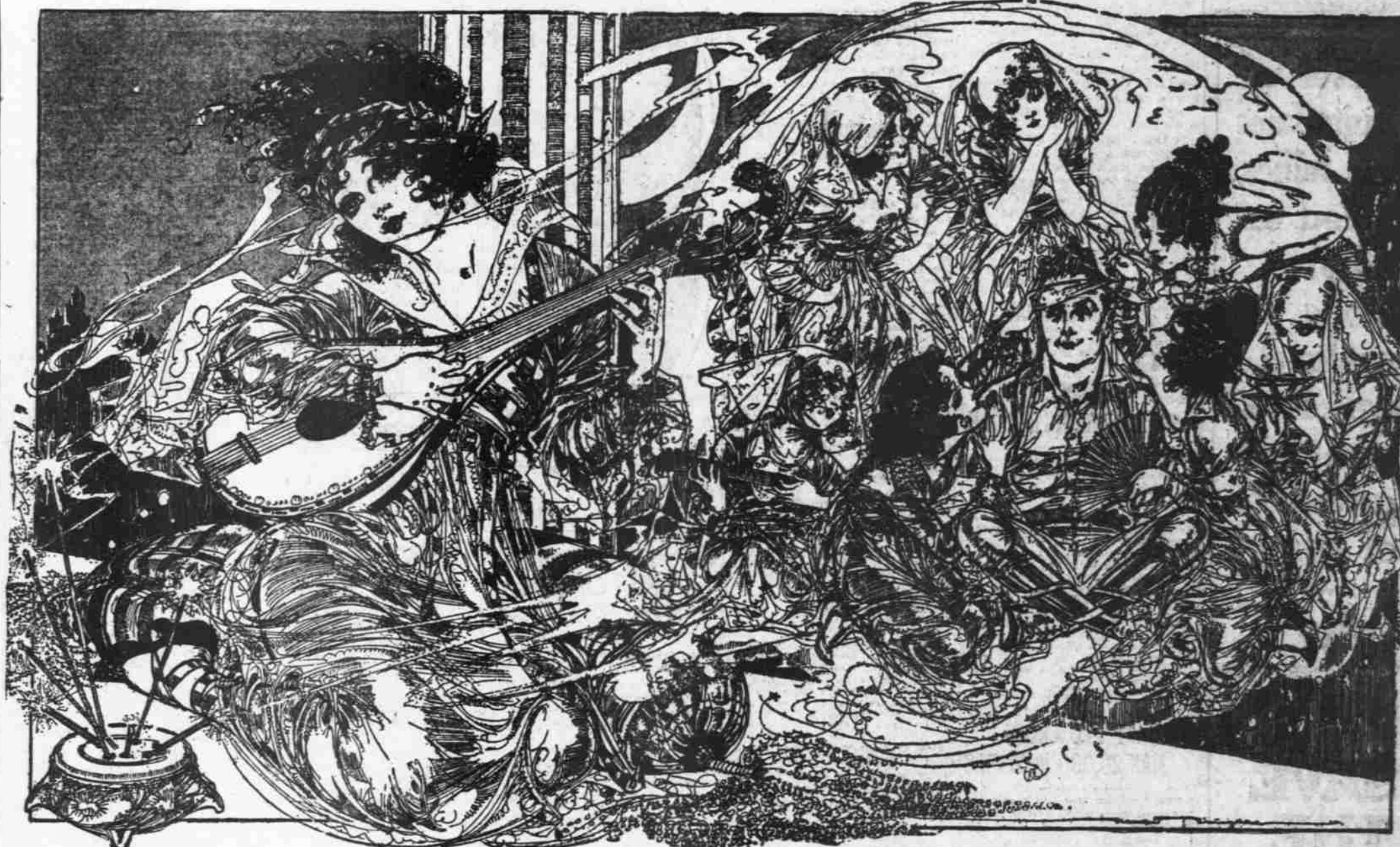
"Double-crossed you, governor?" he gasped. "I wouldn't do that. You know I wouldn't do that. And she knows it!"

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

### Do You Like a Thrilling Story? Read "The Fatal Ring"



## Is Imagination a Blessing?



THE beautiful world, with its colors and merry things to make a fellow's eyes grow crinkles at the corners; its loveliness to make a chap's heart grow warm and mellow, is a drab, dull place, "slow times," if you don't possess the touchstone—the little magic pebble—of a sprightly imagination! But more times than one, I'm telling you, it is

a pest in the pocket to be carried around. Now if your Sammy has gone to France, and you haven't a very clear idea of the way things are over there, and you have read confused things about beautiful little Mlle. Thérèse, leaving her petted life in Paris to nurse, of the great beauty Marquise Tien-Tien with the haunting eyes, doing war-work with the humblest, about all the brave and lovely daughters of France who have

their little shoulders to the wheel, the winged wheel of France's fortune and ours, and oh-b-b-b—if you have read about how glad they are to welcome young Sammy, to pin a flower on his dust-colored coat and kiss him for France!—and all this spins round and round in your noggin together with the fear that he may be wounded—then imagination fair burns a hole in your pocket. Hm!—NELL BRINKLEY.

## If We Lived on Venus?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

IT is possible—but that is for you to find out, since astronomers are not agreed on this point—it is possible that on arriving on Venus you would become an inhabitant of a two-faced world—i.e., a world having one side all night, the other all day. This state of affairs, if it really exists, simply means that the rotation of Venus on her axis has slowed down under the action of tidal forces probably, until it keeps step with her revolution around the sun, each taking about 225 of our days.

This corresponds with what has happened to the moon with respect to the earth, for you will, of course, remember that when you were on the moon, you could, by once putting yourself in a position where the earth was overhead and staying there, always have the earth overhead. Yet on the moon you had a succession of day and night, although each was a fortnight in length, because the moon, while keeping the same side continually toward the earth, does not keep the same side continually toward the sun.

On the moon you could see the earth always in the sky, while the sun rose and set, whereas on Venus you could see the sun always in the sky, while the earth, looking like a very bright star, rose and set.

Now, if this—which some astronomers maintain very earnestly—should turn out to be the real situation of things on Venus, you would have an experience of an entirely new kind. You could find out whether the "Columbus of Space," whose adventures I once related, told the truth or was a mere Munchausen. You would be able there to live, at choice, in a world where the sun is never seen, or in a world where the sun is forever seen, according as you stayed on one side or the other of the planet. The night side would doubtless be very cold, the day side very hot.

If both sides are inhabited, the beings that you found there ought to be at least as different, the one class from the other, as the creatures that dwell habitually in darkness on the earth are from those that dwell habitually in the light, but the differences would really be far more fundamental than any of that kind existing in our world.

Millions of years must have elapsed since the rotation of Venus was so far slowed down that she lost the alternation of day and night and had her surface divided into one all-day and another all-night hemisphere.

She must have been in that condition ever since she became habitable by any kind of life, so that under the law of evolution, the creatures on the two opposed hemispheres

wireless telegraphy, continuous-broad telephony, automobile transportation, sub-oceanic navigation and the easy mastery of the empire of the air, should turn out to be only a flash in the pan.

When you passed from one side of Venus to the other, what glittering mountains of ice you might find stretched like a diamond necklace between the two hemispheres, for it can hardly be otherwise than that moisture-laden winds continually rise from the centre of the sunlit hemisphere and blow off on all sides to deposit their condensed water along the chilly borders of perpetual night. Indeed, you might find that the day side of the planet has been robbed of its oceans, which have been, in the course of ages, transported through the air to be piled up in eternal ice on the night side.

And how strange would appear to you the scenes and the life of a world which not only knows no setting of the sun, but also no change of seasons, except such as could be obtained by travelling from one side to another. In the centre of the day side you would find a circular region of torrid heat tempered, it may be, by an unbroken roof of clouds; but, as you approached the circle of division between the day and the night hemispheres, you would find yourself crossing fixed zones of summer, gradually diminishing from one to another in intensity until, near the border, you would enter a region of perpetual spring temperature, where the sun, though never setting, would hang low above the horizon, and close to the dividing line, you would even find two long, narrow, lune-shaped areas where the sun would alternately rise and set once in every year of Venus, owing to a little rocking to and fro of the planet in the grade of her slightly elliptical orbit.

What wonders you might find on the night side must be left to another article.

(To Be Continued.)

## Anecdotes of the Famous

Lord Pirie, chairman of Harland & Wolff, the great Belfast shipbuilding firm, is credited with remarkable powers of persuasion as a business man.

It is told of him that when visiting Liverpool a large shipowner was observed to have a more serious face than usual.

"What is wrong?" one of his colleagues asked.

"Well, the fact is," he replied, "Pirie has been over here and has persuaded me to buy a 10,000-ton ship, and I am wondering what on earth to do with it!"

Sir Robert Baden-Powell told a good story the other evening.

"I was coming home from seeing with a small catch of shub. On the road I passed a lady, all hat and feathers, on an outing from White-chapel."

"Hello, mister, how much for your salmon?"

"A shilling a pound, my dear."

"That'll do for me fine."

"Yes, but you'll want a glass of champagne with it."

"That's all right, guv'nor—I'm on! And what do you say to a bit of bread-and-butter puddin' after that to top it with?"

Well, that is the sort of mind that would see the cherry side when things were looking black.

## Hictaner---The Man Fish

By JEAN DE LA HIRE

(Copyrighted.)

AT four minutes past 2 o'clock a cruiser was blown up. Then almost immediately another. Two minutes later a

cruiser and two torpedo boats blew up simultaneously. Then one by one two other armoured cruisers. At ten minutes past 1 o'clock a torpedo boat blew up, and, one each minute, twenty other torpedoes were destroyed. During this time two more cruisers were sunk.

And all the time, by Admiral Beresford's orders, the entire fleet was forcing their fires and pushing forward into the fatal pass.

For twenty-four hours this went on. Ours and Fulbert had strewn sunken mines by the hundred between the great island of Kichin and Masadam, which lie on either side of the narrowest part of the Straits of Ommur.

Still more fatal were the invisible attacks made by Hictaner.

No class of vessel was spared. That unspeakable hecatomb, that heroic onrush, lasted for twenty-four hours.

On April 25, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, not a single unit of the world fleet remained in the Gulf of Oman. Four hundred and ninety-two vessels had gone down in the Straits of Ommur. As for 886 others—cruisers, battleships, torpedo destroyers and submarines—they assembled little by little in the gulf instead of the spot designated in advance by Admiral Beresford, which was the triangle outlined by the islands of Favour, Tam and Akor-Mossa.

The Cyclone and the Republic had escaped destruction.

But the Dreadnought had been blown up, dragging down with her Admiral Beresford, his staff and his crew.

Therefore, Admiral Germinet became the sole commander of the world fleet, diminished by a third.

And Hictaner had not been even caught a glimpse of!

A Family Drama.

As soon as his ammunition was exhausted, Hictaner left the world fleet to further destruction by the sunken mines and returned in all haste to the Lost Isle.

Upon reaching the submarine grotoes, he signalled his presence, and, after running the Torpedo into her basin, he entered the laboratory where Ours and Fulbert were waiting.

"They took no notice of the ultimatum," he said without preamble.

"I sank sixty of their largest vessels."

"Good, my son!" exclaimed Fulbert, his eyes glittering with the joy of triumph.

"And the mines?" asked Ours.

"I was only concerned with my own tasks," Hictaner answered gravely.

"I do not know upon which ship he was. And I have no way of knowing at present whether he is alive or dead."

There was a pause. Gloomy thoughts were running through the minds of the three men.

Suddenly Hictaner raised his bowed head and in a voice of unspeakable anguish he asked:

"Do you think they will give me Moleste now?"

Ours stayed impassive. Fulbert closed his eyes so that the light of fierce irony which filled them might not be seen, and he answered coldly:

"How do I know, my son? There is no limit to the blindness and stubbornness of men."

Hictaner rose abruptly and began to stride up and down the laboratory. The sorrow and anger in his heart, no longer under control, burst forth in imprecations and threats.

"I will blow them all up—all from the first torpedo boat to the smallest submarine. Then I will go to the waters of Europe and wreck the quays and the docks. I will set fire to all the ports of entry. I will go to the rivers to the inland cities, to Paris itself, if necessary. They must give me Moleste, or I will bury myself in the wreckage of the world!"

Hictaner's Rage.

His two listeners were pale and trembling, their eyes gleaming. All the unconquerable ferocity of the creature they had trained for war and bloodshed, the monster half shark and half man, was in revolt against the obstacle opposed now to his passion and his will.

He was no longer the hesitating, tender youth whom Moleste had awakened in a moment. He had become the savage, impulsive male, knowing himself now to be abnormal.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## Once-Overs

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Some fathers and mothers, on account of the high living expense, are planning to keep Sammie and John out of school this Fall, to set them to work.

It may be in your home you are debating this very subject and feel compelled to put one or more of your children of school age out as bread winners.

A decision in this matter should not be difficult.

Cut living expense to mush and milk for you deprive your children of the necessary education required to make a good living.

Cut anything else—yes, everything else—before you take your boy or girl out of school.

Without school training they cannot grasp opportunities in after life.

You assumed a sacred responsibility and duty with parenthood.

If it be necessary to deny yourself pleasures and many comforts to put them in a way of grasping the big opportunity when it comes to them, spare nothing on your part to give your children an education, which will make them recognize the great moment when it comes to

## And the Greatest of These Is School